The Hiſtory of
Henry the Fourth.

Enter the King, Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*, E
Weſtmerland, with others.

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Finde we a time for frighted Peace to pant
And breathe ſhort winded accents of new
To be commenc't in ſtrands a farre remo
No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoyle,
Shall dawbe her lips with her owne childrens bloo
No more ſhall trenching Warre chanell her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flowers with the armed hooſes
Of hoſtile paſes: thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heauen,
All one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke,
And furious cloſe of ciuill butchery,
Shall now in mutuall wel-beſeeming rankes,
March all one way, and bee no more oppoſ'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his Maſter: therefore friends,
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe ſouldier now, vnder whoſe bleſſed Croſſe
We are impreſſed and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of *Engliſh* ſhall we leuie,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their mothers womb
To chaſe theſe *Pagans* in thoſe holy fields,
Ouer whoſe acres walkt thoſe bleſſed feete,